

THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS' AND GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper, only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

Address all communications to Uncle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you say—Be true!
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

Mj "Beau."

I know a jolly gentleman who's very fond of me;
He drops in almost every day to have a cup of tea.
His waistcoat, white and spotless, and his modest suit of gray
His whiskers, long and bristling, make a very fine display.
His eyes are bright and shining, and his teeth are white and strong,
I just love to have him smile at me, he cannot smile too long.

He hasn't said a word of love or dared to steal a kiss,
But I'm very sure he likes me, and the reason is this—
He holds my hand at every chance, the sunny little chap,
And even sometimes I've known him to sit down on my lap.
Of course, I must discourage him, but oh, it's very hard,
He's the nicest beau I ever had—the squirrel in our yard.

—Martha B. Thomas, in Our Dumb Animals.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Uncle Jed has been well impressed by the thoughtfulness of those Wide-Awakes who are kind to the useful little birds. For people who realize that the birds are more ancient than man and that they beheld the glory of the skies before man did.

It is said of man that he is fearfully and wonderfully made, but he is no more fearfully and wonderfully made than the birds. It takes a skilled man to navigate a steamer or an airplane to any part of the world thousands of miles away—he has to be very learned in geography and mathematics, and understand the use of fine instruments to make his way from New York to any port in South America, but a carrier pigeon taken from a remote Pennsylvania town to Rio Janeiro in a cage was released 4,000 miles away from his dove cote, and on the 47th day he arrived home, showing he has a way man knows not of to find his way through the heavens, and allowing seven days for rest and nourishment he made 100 miles a day with the energy God gave him.

All birds have the homing habit and the little snowbirds and winter birds which feed at the boxes at the back door know where they nest in the summer time away north beyond the habitations of man. In winter even the great Arctic owl flies far south as Norwich hunting his food.

The harder summer birds which are now in the south spending the winter in milder climes know where their old nests are located and will return to them in a few weeks. When you think of these little birds away beyond the mountains of the south coming direct to the tree or bush in which

they nested last year in your backyard you will know the birds are fearfully and wonderfully made.

This may be said of all of God's other creatures, and that is why we should not hold their lives cheaply, for they are all doing the will of the Creator, and no one can be cruel to them and not do injury to themselves. Be kind to the birds.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

- 1—Grace Kern of Norwich, Three Gray from School.
- 2—George D. Palmer of Griswold, The Boy and Boomer.
- 3—Louis Wohlleb of Taftville, A Gallant Grenadier.
- 4—Sarah Hyman of Norwich, A Young Heroine.
- 5—Allie E. Kramer of Colchester, The Romance of a Midshipman.
- 6—Elizabeth Parker of Mansfield, The Jolly Ten.
- 7—Harriet Perkins of Colchester, The Benhur Club.
- 8—Edith Hill of Oneco, Their Little Mother.

Winners of books may call at The Bulletin office at any hour after 10 a. m. Thursday for the books.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Alice M. Gorman of Versailles: I received the prize book Polly which you sent me. I like it and thank you very much for it.

Gledys B. Newbury of Norwich: I wish to thank you for my book entitled Billow Prairie. I have started it and find it very interesting. Many thanks for it.

Bessie Fox of Norwich: I thank you ever so much for the book I received, which was very interesting.

George D. Palmer of Griswold: I wish to thank you for the prize book you sent me. Have read it half through and find it very interesting.

Randall Sherman of Colchester: I thank you very much for the prize book I received. I am so pleased with it and think it is a very interesting little story.

Margaret Somers of Norwich: I wish to thank you for the prize book entitled The Seven Maidens. I have read it and enjoyed it very much. I am getting my library together and I am glad to have my prize books among the number. I think Mrs. Mead's books are very interesting, and I am going to try to get more.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES.

A Day's Outing.

One day last summer my friend and I took my tent, some books we were going to read and our lunch. We put our tent under a big walnut tree by the river.

While we were talking a big cow came softly over and looked in at us, and we didn't like that very well, but we started to eat our lunch, and when we had finished we went outside to read. We read a while and then went in the tent to get some cake we had left there, when to our surprise we saw a big black snake.

We were taken away with sticks and stones and went out to read again. After a little while my friend said: "Oh, Mildred! Just see how black the sky is over there! We are going to have a thunder shower."

That was the most fright of all, so we took our things and went home to stay the rest of the day.

MILDRED V. MORLEY, Age 8, Eagleville.

A Birthday Surprise.

Beatrice was sitting by the fire sewing when she heard a rap at the door. Quickly she got up and went to the door. She opened it and saw a little beetle in her hand. After he had looked at her he handed her a note. She opened it and it read as follows:

Dear Beatrice: Will you please come

over this afternoon and help me straighten the house, as I am all upset from my birthday.

Beatrice told the boy she would surely be there. That afternoon when Beatrice went to Mrs. King's she was told she would have about two weeks' work, and as Mrs. King was a wealthy lady and very liberal she told Beatrice she would give her ten dollars for her work.

Beatrice was the daughter of a poor widow. She tried to do some work to help her mother support the house. So it was no wonder she was glad to get this job.

Beatrice did not tell her mother that evening she had a new job, for in about two weeks was her mother's birthday, and she wanted to save the money she was to get to give her mother a birthday gift and surprise.

At last the mother's birthday approached. When she got up that morning to go to work she looked worried and tired.

"Mother," said Beatrice, "you aren't going to work the morning of your birthday, are you?"

"Why, yes, my dear. I have hardly any money to buy the birthday cake due tomorrow. So you can't expect me not to go to work even if it is my birthday."

"Oh, mother, I think I can give you enough money for the rent," said Beatrice.

"What!" said the mother. "Do you mean to tell me you can give me six dollars?"

"Just wait and see if I can't," said Beatrice. She then produced a small pocketbook and took from it all her money. She gave it to her mother, who stood there in amazement.

"Why, you've got 15 dollars here!" said the mother. "It can't be all yours."

"It certainly is," said Beatrice, and then she told her mother all about it. The mother looked happy and pleased.

"Oh, my dear, and you didn't even tell me about it all this while!"

But Beatrice said: "You see, Ma, I was so afraid you would be angry and scold me, I couldn't tell you."

"And it certainly is a surprise, my daughter," said the mother.

Norwich. GRACE KERN, Age 13.

The Eagle.

The eagle is the king of the birds and he is strong. He goes and steals chickens and hens. He goes in the field and takes lambs and birds.

The eagle is the largest bird. He can pick up a man or child and carry them off and eat them.

Hunters go and kill the eagle and farmers do not like the eagle because they steal anything that comes in their way.

The eagle lives on top of high mountains. The hunters can't go up the mountain. They make their nest on top of the mountain and they watch the land below from the nest.

Harold W. Blais, Taftville.

Cuff.

I once knew a farmer in New York state by the name of Thomas Brown, who had a bob-tailed dog called Cuff.

Brown had a dairy farm, and he used to make butter from the cream. Cuff had to go back and forth in the treadmill that ran the churn. In spite of the dog churning, and in the afternoon, Cuff sat on the viewing the landscape in front of the house.

One day in the summer time, when he was sitting on the step he spied a woodchuck about two rods below his hole on the hill.

Cuff was old, but not sly as he was in his younger days, when he used to catch woodchucks. The woodchuck saw him come clambering up the hill, and in a moment was in his hole with a bound, and Cuff had lost his game for all the pains he had taken to catch him.

GEORGE D. PALMER, Age 14, Griswold.

How the Months Were Named.

We have already learned how the days of the week were named. The months were named by the Romans long ago.

March was used to be the first month of the year; so when you read that September comes from a Latin word meaning seven, you can count and see that when March was the first month September was the seventh month.

October comes from a word meaning eight, November from a word meaning nine, and December from a word meaning ten.

January was named for the Roman god, Janus.

February was named for a Roman festival that came in this month. It is the shortest month of the year.

March was named for Mars, the god of war.

April comes from a word meaning opening.

May was probably named for the beautiful young goddess, Maia.

June was named for the goddess, Juno, or from a Roman family name, Junius.

July was named for the greatest of Roman soldiers, Julius Caesar, who was born in this month.

August was named for Augustus, Caesar, the first emperor of Rome and a great warrior.

LOUIS WOHLLEBEN, Taftville, Ct.

Her Pet Bluebird.

I am writing you a story about a little bluebird which I found one cold day, lying frozen to the ground. I took it into my house and cared for it all winter through. It would alight on my shoulders, sing for me, and even eat from my hands. Every day it would fly to some neighboring wood.

One day, however, I fell away, as it always did. When night came it didn't come back as usual. I went out looking for it, but in vain, for I couldn't find it. I went to my home disappointed.

Early next morning I went looking again, and found it dying on the ground. I took it home and mourned for it all day long, and the next day buried it. I built a little fence around the spot, and planted flowers inside the fence.

Now whenever I see bluebirds I remember that I, too, once had a little bird pet.

ROSE BLUMENFELD.

The Tinder Box.

Once upon a time there was a soldier who met an old witch on his way home from the war.

"Good evening, soldier!" she said. "What a fine sword you have and what a brave man you are! You are a soldier. You shall have as much money as you wish."

"Thank you, old witch," said the soldier.

"Do you see that big tree?" asked the witch, pointing to a tree that was nearby. "It is quite hollow inside. You must climb to the top, and then you will see a hole, through which you can let yourself slide, so as to get down into the tree. I will tie a rope round your waist, so that I can pull you up when you call out to me."

"What am I to do down in the tree?" asked the soldier.

"Fetch some money," replied the witch. "When you get to the bottom of the tree you will see a large candle. It is quite bright, for over a hundred lamps are burning there. Then you will see three doors; these you can climb for the keys are in the keyholes. If you go in the first chamber you will see a great chest in the middle of the floor; on this chest sits a dog with wings, but as a pair of teapots; but you need not care about that. I will give you my blue-checked apron, and you can spread it upon the floor; then go quickly and take the dog and place

him on my apron, open the chest and take as many pence as you like. They are all copper, if you want to save, you can have that, too. If you go into the third chamber you will find a tinder box."

FRANCIS LYNCH, Age 11, Stafford Springs.

A Chat About China?

I suppose you have all seen a Chinaman. How funny he looks with his long pigtail hanging down his back, and queer shaped clothes and shoes. You must remember, however, that Englishmen look just as odd to John Chinaman.

In China everything is very different from what it is here. They have very few railways and no hansom cabs. When people wish to ride from one place to another, they hire a kind of chair slung between two poles and carried on the shoulders of two men, one in front and one behind.

The houses are not at all like our houses. They are low, and the walls in many cases are made of bamboo covered with thick paper, so if anyone wishes to go to his neighbor's at home he may just poke his finger through the wall and peep through the hole.

When a Chinese baby is a month old all the family and friends meet together, and after the little one's head has been washed a barber shaves all the hair off.

Master baby is then carried to a table on which are spread little toys, each one representing a different trade. He, of course, grasps one of them, and this toy is held to represent his future trade or profession.

VERONICA V. F. TUCKER, Age 16, Versailles.

The Bringing Up of Teddy.

Teddy was a boy at the age of 8 years. His father and mother died when he was but 4 years old, and he lived in a small shed in Cohen's alley. Now, Teddy was too small to work, and one day while he was walking up Broadway he saw a shining object in the gutter. He bent down and picked it up, and what, to his surprise, should it be but a silver dollar.

He had not had anything to eat since the day before, so he thought he would get something at a cheap restaurant, and with the rest he could buy some papers to sell. He succeeded in selling his papers and he had a profit of 15 cents.

"That is a good beginning," said he. "I will make as much every day I should not have any complaint."

Teddy felt tired by this time and thought it best to be going to bed.

The next morning and every morning after he sold papers until he was 15 years of age. Then he sought a position as cash boy in a large firm. At first he got but four dollars a week, but because of his honesty by the time he was 18 he was making \$10 a week, and he was now one of the members of the firm.

BESSIE FOX.

Norwich. FATHER SANDMAN.

"Please get out of my way, stupid old fellow! This is the third night I have tumbled over you."

"Softly, good Father Sandman, softly! If you were not so blind you would have seen me. Have you put all your children to bed, Father Sandman?"

"Oh, along for a teasing, impertinent imp!"

Pippietta laughed shrilly as he swung himself slowly to and fro on the low branch of a nearby shrub, chanting "Close, little eyelids, close up tight for the Sandman's come to town!"

The old fellow had gone into his cave; it was nearly dark now.

An old brown snake came flying out, and catching the elf as he swung, toppled him neatly on to the grass beneath him. He was not hurt. For the Sandman goes very softly indeed.

But he was extremely angry. "Very good!" he cried, shaking his fist, "to-day you, Father Sandman, and tomorrow you, my dear!"

A chuckle was heard coming from the cave, and that was all. Pip went off, meditating revenge. In the middle of the supper he snapped his fingers fiercely. "The very thing," he cried, helping himself to another fried beetle's wing; and he began to hum a song.

Father Sandman could not find his bag. He went to his brother to get half of the sand in his bag, but his brother said: "One wakeful little boy takes half a peck all to himself." So he could not get away any sand.

Poor Father Sandman saw Pip, and he said: "I believe that it is you who stole my sack!"

"Yes," he answered and skipped out of reach, crying: "My turn today. May be you won't throw shoes any more."

But Pip fetched the sand bag. Then he made a bargain. Father Sandman, will you say you are sorry?"

"I will say I am sorry," was the reply. "Will you let all the children sit up tonight?"

"Yes; but the babies must go early."

"Please yourself about the babies," said Pip, "catch! Father Sandman!"

The next morning the old fellow with his sack on his back and a smile on his face, was trotting off to the town.

LILLIAN BREHAUT, Age 16, East Norwich, N. Y.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

The Bird and the Sheep.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about the bird and the sheep.

Once upon a time a boy and his father were sitting under a tree tending sheep.

The dog came along with a dog. At sight of the dog the sheep were frightened, and ran through some bushes which were nearby.

This time the sheep's wool for there were thorns on the bushes and the wool stuck to them.

At sight of this the boy was very angry and said:

"These bushes should be cut down, but no sooner had he said this than a bird flew down and took the wool away. Then the father turned and said: 'My son, now do you want these bushes cut down; the bird will make a good warm nest for his young with it and the sheep can do with the wool.'"

The son replied: "No father, let the bushes stand where they are."

ELIZABETH M'GARRETT, Age 13, Taftville.

The Dance in School.

Dear Uncle Jed: I will tell you about the dance we had in school.

On Friday before last, Christmas, some children were months, and others were elves. There was a boy who was Father Time. I was an elf. The elves had white wings on their back. The months had whatever thing came into the name of the month. July carried a flag; December carried a little Christmas tree, and November with the turkey for Thanksgiving day.

The months and elves had known on their heads, everybody in the play was dressed in white.

The elves and months went into another room. Then the elves would march into the room singing a song. Six elves danced around one tree, and the other five would dance around another. Then they stopped dancing around the tree and three or four elves would come in. Presently the months would come in. We were all greeted warmly.

Then we would all think how to have a Christmas play. One elf would say he knew how to make a Christmas play. He said to us all to help cheer the poor. Then we would tell Father

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Winter Sports.

Dear Uncle Jed: We have had an ice storm here and in the daytime when the sun is out the ice on the trees sparkles.

We have had snow here which is quite deep yet. But I don't mind the ice and snow, as I enjoy coasting and skating after I have done my homework. I have coasted several times this year on a toboggan with some of my friends.

We coasted on a hill which was very icy and it was very hard climbing up the hill, as sometimes we would get half-way and then fall and slide to the bottom and have to climb up again. The top of the snow freezes so hard we can walk on it without breaking through.

I have been very lucky in getting sleigh rides for I have had at least half a dozen, either in going down to high school or walking home.

I started attending Oyster Bay High school in September, 1913, and have been on the honor roll every month. The pussy willows are blooming fast.

JESSIE BREHAUT, East Norwich, N. Y.

Stubborn Annoying Coughs Cured.
"My husband had a cough for fifteen years and my son for eight years. Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured them, for which I am most thankful," writes Mrs. David Moor of Saginaw, Mich. What Dr. King's New Discovery did for these men, it will do for you. Dr. King's New Discovery should be in every home. Stops hacking coughs, relieves a gripper and all throat and lung ailments. Money back if it fails. All druggists. Price 50c and \$1.

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H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

Cocoons of Moths.
Dear Uncle Jed: I have been getting cocoons. I have nineteen Prometheus; they are wrapped in a leaf. The leaf stays all winter.

I have two Cecropias. Their cocoons are dark brown in color and are tent shaped. I also have one other cocoon which I don't know the name of.

I have seen a Cecropia cocoon attached to a wire fence.

Most moths fly at night.

The Cecropia has a red and white velvet coat. Its brown wings are beautifully marked with red, black and gray. It has a large white crescent shaped spot bordered with red and black on each wing. The caterpillar has tubercles or knobs on its body. Those near the head are like red coral, others are bright blue and some are yellow.

One of my Cecropias I found when a caterpillar upon an apple leaf. I put it in a box and gave it apple leaves every day. In a few days it spun a cocoon.

Have any of you Wide-Awakes found any cocoons when gathering egg masses?

ELIZABETH PARKER, Age 12, Mansfield.

An Eastern Puzzle.
Dear Uncle Jed: An old Persian died, leaving seventeen camels to be divided among his three sons in the following proportions: The eldest to have half, the second a third and the youngest a ninth. As the camels could not be divided into fractions, the brothers submitted their differences to a very wise old dervish.

"Nothing easier!" said the wise one. "I will divide them for you."

First he added one of his own to the seventeen, thus making eighteen camels. The eldest brother took his half, which was nine, the second his third, which was six, the third was to have a ninth, which was two, making seventeen in all, and giving the wise dervish his one camel.

At 5 o'clock I go over to my neighbor and get her milk pail to get some milk. I run errands for her and earn a little that way.